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A SONG OF LONG AGO

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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A SONG OF LONG AGO

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By

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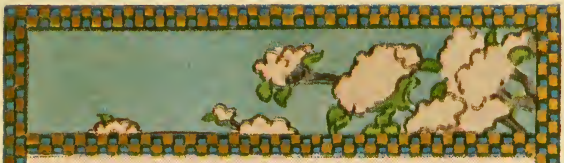


A SONG OF LONG AGO

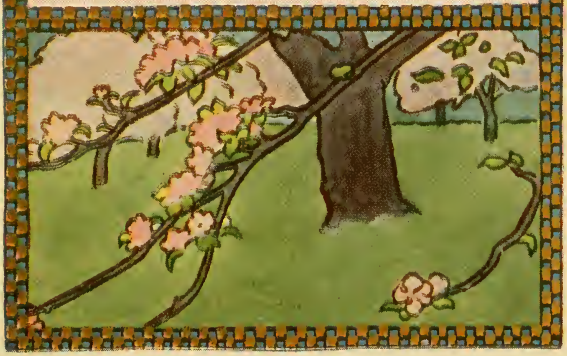
A SONG of Long Ago:
Sing it lightly—
sing it low—

Sing it softly—like the lisping
of the lips we used to know

When our baby-laughter spilled

From the glad hearts ever filled

With music blithe as
robin ever trilled!



Let the fragrant summer-breeze,

And the leaves of locust-trees,

And the apple-buds and
blossoms, and the
wings of honey-bees,

All palpitate with glee,

Till the happy harmony

Brings back each childish
joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn

Where the tumbled pippins burn

Like embers in the orchard's lap
of tangled grass and fern,—

There let the old path wind

In and out and on behind

The cider-press that
chuckles as we grind.

Blend in the song the moan

Of the dove that grieves alone,

And the wild whir of the locust,
and the bumble's
drowsy drone;

And the low of cows that call

Through the pasture-
bars when all

The landscape fades
away at evenfall.

Then, far away and clear,

Through the dusky atmosphere,

Let the wailing of the kildee be
the only sound we hear:

O sad and sweet and low

As the memory may know

Is the glad-pathetic
song of Long Ago!

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